

Reflections by homosexualbyers

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Summary:

Will Byers loved many things about Stanley Uris but one of them he loved a large percentage more than the others was his curls, they were perfect little ringlets of pleasure that he never tired of running his hands through them like he was now as he pushed them out of the face of a tired Stan, resting his head in his lap.

Reflections

Will Byers loved many things about Stanley Uris but one of them he loved a large percentage more than the others was his curls, they were perfect little ringlets of pleasure that he never tired of running his hands through them like he was now as he pushed them out of the face of a tired Stan, resting his head in his lap.

Stan's long eyelashes were flushed against his rosy red cheeks in an elegant way which glowed a smile across Will's face. His arms were draped above his head, one of his hands encasing Will's other much smaller one in a protective manner.

Stan's arms were another thing Will loved about him. They were lengthy and strong and Will didn't think there was a better feeling than the weight of them wrapped tight around his thin body. Will would also grip Stan's wide shoulders, the ones that peaked out of the collar of the sunset yellow t shirt he was wearing now. They were always on show since Stan wore such tight t shirts and it drove Will wild.

He's so so breathtakingly beautiful, Will thought. He had the urge to paint him like this like he had done on many occasions prior. This time he'd use soft colours and blend them all together. He'd paint Stan Uris as the angel he is.

Will sighs, out of easy and love.

Stan's eyes flutter open and he tilts his head to the side to look at Will. "What is it?" He questioned.

Will narrows his eyes at him. "I just sighed. It's nothing." He says.

Stan smirks at him, humoured. "I know you better than that, Byers. Something's up with you." He tells him, in that articulate, laying down the obvious facts voice he has.

Will looks at the ceiling in pensive thought. Of course, Stan had a way of knowing he was thinking something even if he wasn't looking at him. He'd always taken the time to know all of Will's little habits

and mannerisms, that he could spot significant changes in the boys mood in a heartbeat. Stan cared enough to notice, more than anyone else would and it still threw him off guard, being a sensation he wasn't used to.

"I was thinking about the day we met." Will admitted.

Stan nodded knowingly in return. Both boys remembered the day well.

Will had ran away from home one day in distress to the nearby park after a long day of his Mom and Dad arguing and Mike ignoring him to spend time with Jane at school. He'd been sitting on the swings and the tears had just started along with the rain. That's when Stan had jumped down from a nearby tree with a pair of binoculars strapped around his neck. He approached Will, all fidgety and full of nerves, and offered to go somewhere warm for a coffee. It was a meeting as simple as that. Stan had told Will months later that he had recognised that Will was running away from something and that returning home wasn't an option for him. It was something he had felt himself many times Stan wasn't about to let such a cute boy freeze alone in the rain.

"I'm just thinking about how lucky it was" Will continues. "that you were bird watching in that tree on that day at that exact moment. It was- it was like a fixed point in the world that shifted everything into place."

That makes Stan smile so wide and he sits up on the bed and puts his arms around Will's shoulders and snuggles his chin into his neck and kisses him there which draws a soothing breath from the boy.

"You're so adorable when you get sentimental." Stan whispers, despite them being alone with no chance of others over hearing them.

They always liked to keep things between them. In private together they made the rules, had the freedom and ease to do anything and in many ways that helped each other save themselves. Will from his unrequited love for a straight boy he could never have and the impending doom of his parents marriage and Stan from the pressure

of his parents. When they were together they left all of it at the door.

Will looks around their room, at the life they'd made together, and he is completely euphorically satisfied in every way. He kisses Stan sweetly on the lips, cherishing the softness of him, his own angel.

Author's Note:

sooo i love my soft boys?? this is my first time writing for a crack ship and boy do i have many for will byers! this kinda spiralled from me being rllly soft for ships at like 1am and i had the image of will with stans head in his lap and just went mad from there lmao.

anyways i hope you liked it! pls feel free to leave kudos and comments they're so so appreciated <33